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The Tudor Reprinted and Parallel Texts

**The Maid's Metamorphosis**

1600



The Tudor Reprinted and Parallel Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*  
JOHN S. FARMER

The  
**Maid's Metamorphosis**  
1600

*Privately Printed for Subscribers*

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2352

# The Maid's Metamorphosis

*This reprint is “set” direct from a rotary-bromide photographic copy of the original in the British Museum (Press-mark, C. 34, d. 13). Two other copies are known to be extant, one in the Bodleian and another in the Magdalen College Libraries.*

*No other old edition has been traced.*

*The proofs have been textually collated by Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. The original is followed as closely as modern type will allow, roman and italic being used in the same (sometimes haphazard) way as in the old copy. This will also be followed in other respects—pagination, indentation, punctuation, etc. The only departures from this course are as follows :—*

(a) *As no useful purpose is served by fussing about ligatures not now made—e.g. those once common*

for "fr," "is," "us," etc.—no notice will be taken of such; indeed, practice was not always consistent in the early copy, and nothing short of a photographic facsimile or else reckless expenditure in casting new types could represent all these details.

(b) Frequently different founts are found to have been used in the most delightfully jumbled fashion—e.g. in the case of italic "A's," "E's," "M's," etc. Of these unmeaning variations no notice has been taken.

With these exceptions, it is hoped and believed that THE TUDOR REPRINTED AND PARALLEL TEXTS will be found exact and faithful to the originals, and will satisfy every practical purpose, providing all that the student of dramatic literature requires. Probably nothing that could be done in the way of reprint would satisfy the student of early printing; such would have to go to the originals, or anyhow to the editions issued in THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS.

The leaf-measurement of the original is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches, 28 leaves.

*The ornament on title-page and the head-piece  
are facsimiles.*

*Obvious misprints or archaisms will be observed as  
follows :—*

A 4, verso, line 13,  $\mathcal{E}$  for *I*.

B 2, recto, line 25, *theit* for *their*.

C 2, recto, line 15 (and elsewhere), *then* for  
*than*.

D 3, recto, line 18, *sawt hem* for *sawe them*.

E 1, recto, line 20, *dresse* for *desse*.

E 4, verso, line 5, *it it* for *it is or is it*.

G 3, verso, last line, *she* for *the*.

JOHN S. FARMER.



# THE Maydes Metamor- phosis.

*As it hath bene sundrie times Acted  
by the Children of Powles.*



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard  
Olive, dwelling in long Lane.

1600.

## The Prologue.

*T*He manifold great fauours we haue found,  
By you, to vs poore weaklings still extended :  
Whereof your vertues haue bene only ground,  
And no desert in vs to be so friended :  
Bindes vs some way or other to expresse,  
( Though all our all be else defeated quite  
Of any meanes) saue duteous thankefulnes,  
Which is the vtmost measure of our might :  
Then to the boundlesse Ocean of your woorth,  
This little drop of water we present :  
Where though it neuer can be singled foorth,  
Let zeale be pleader for our good intent.  
*Drops not diminish, but encrease great floods :*  
*And mites impaire not, but augment our goods.*







# The Maydes Metamorphosis.

*Enter Phylander, Orestes, Eurymine.*

*Eurymine.*

**P**hylander, and Orestes, what conceyt  
Troubles your silent mindes? Let me intreat  
Since we are come thus farre, as we do walke  
You would deuise some prettie pleasant talke:  
The aire is coole, the euening high and faire,  
Why should your cloudie lookes, then shew dispaire?

*Phy.* Beleeue me faire Eurymine, my skill  
Is simple in discourse, and vtterance ill:  
*Orestes* if he were disposde to trie,  
Can better manage such affaires than I.

*Eu.* Why then *Orestes* let me craue of you  
Some olde, or late done story to renew:  
Another time you shall request of me  
As good, if not, a greater curtesie.

*Or.* Trust me as now (nor can I shew a reason)  
All mirth vnto my mind comes out of season:  
For inward I am troubled in such sort,  
As all vnfitt I am to make report  
Of any thing may breed the least delight,  
Rather in teares, I wish the day were night  
For neither can my selfe be merry now,  
Nor treat of ought that may be likte of you.

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Eu.* Thats but your melancholike old disease,  
That neuer are disposde but when ye please.

*Ph.* Nay mistresse, then since he denies the taske  
My selfe will strait complish what ye aske:  
And though the pleasure in my tale be small,  
Yet may it serue to passe the time withall.

*Eu.* Thanks good *Phylander*, when you please say on,  
Better I deeme a bad discourse, then none.

*Phy.* Sometime there liu'd a Duke not far from hence,  
Mightie in fame, and vertues excellencie,  
Subiects he had, as readie to obey  
As he to rule: beloued euery way,  
But that which most of all he glорied in,  
(Hope of his age, and comfort of his kin,) Was the fruition of one onely sonne,  
A gallant youth, inferior vnto none  
For vertue, shape, or excellencie of wit,  
That after him vpon his thronre might sit.  
This youth when once he came to perfect age,  
The Duke would faine haue linckt in marriage  
With diuers dames of honourable blood,  
But stil his fathers purpose he withstood.

*Eu.* How, was he not of mettal apt to loue?

*Phy.* Yes apt enough, as wil the sequel proue.  
But so the stremme of his affection lay,  
As he did leane a quite contrary way,  
Disprouing still the choyce his father made,  
And oftentimes the matter had delaide:  
Now giuing hope he would at length consent,  
And then again, excusing his intent.

*Eu.* What made him so repugnant in his deeds?

*Phy.* Another loue, which this disorder breeds:  
For euen at home within his fathers Court  
The Saint was shrinde, whom he did honor most:  
A louely dame, a virgin pure and chaste,  
And worthy of a Prince to be imbrac'te.





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

Had but her birth (which was obscure they said)  
Answerd her beautie, this their opinion staid.  
Yet did this wilful youth affect her still,  
And none but she was mistres of his will.  
Full often did his father him disswade,  
From liking such a mean and low borne mayde.  
The more his father stroue to change his minde,  
The more the sonne became with fancy blinde.

*Eu.* Alas, how sped the silly Louers then?

*Phy.* As might euen grieue the rude vnciuel'ſt men.  
When herevpon to weane his fixed heart  
From ſuch dishonour, to his high deſert,  
The Duke had labourd, but in vaine did ſtrive,  
Thus he began his purpose to contrive :  
Two of his ſeruants of vndoubted troth,  
He bound by vertue of a ſolemne oath,  
To traine the filly damzel out of fight,  
And there in ſecret to bereauē her quite

*Eu.* Of what, her life?

*Phy.* Yes Madame of her life,  
Which was the caufe of all the former ſtrife.

*Eu.* And did they kill her?

*Phy.* You ſhall heare anon :  
The queſtion firſt muſt be diſcided on  
In your opinion, whatſs your iudgement? ſay,  
Who were moſt cruell : thoſe that did obay,  
Or he that gaue commandment for the fact?

*Eu.* In each of them it was a bloody aet :  
Yet they deſerue (to ſpeak my mind of both)  
Moſt pardon, that were bound thereto by oath.

*Phy.* It is enough, we do accept your doome,  
To paſſe vnblam'd, what ere of you become.

*Eu.* To paſſe vnblamde, what ere become of me?  
What may the meaning of theſe ſpeeches be?

*Phy.* *Eurymine*, my trembling tongue doth faile,  
My conſcience yrkes, my fainting fences quaille :

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

My faltring speech bewraies my guiltie thought,  
And stammers at the message we haue brought.

*Eu.* Ay me, what horror doth inuade my brest?

*Or.* Nay then *Phylander* I will tell the rest.

Damzell thus fares thy case, demand not why,  
You must forthwith prepare your selfe to dye.  
Therefore dispatch, and set your mind at rest.

*Eu.* *Phylander* is it true? or doth he iest?

*Phy.* There is no remedie but you must dye:  
By you I framde my tragicke history.  
The Duke my maister, is the man I meant,  
His sonne, the Prince, the mayd of meane discent  
Your selfe, on whom *Ascanio* so doth doate,  
As for no reason may remoue his thought:  
Your death the Duke determines by vs two,  
To end the loue betwixt his sonne and you:  
And for that cause we trainde you to this wood,  
Where you must sacrifice your dearest blood.

*Eur.* Respect my teares.

*Orest.* We must regard our oath.

*Eur.* My tender yeares.

*Or.* They are but trifles both.

*Eu.* Mine innocency.

*Or.* That would our promise breake,  
Diſpatch forthwith, we may not heare you speake.

*Eu.* If neither teares nor innocency moue,  
Yet thinke there is a heauenly power aboue.

*Orest.* Adone, and stand not preaching here all day.

*Eu.* Then since there is no remedie, I pray  
Yet good my maisters, do but stay so long  
Till I haue tane my farewell with a song,  
Of him whom I shall neuer see againe.

*Phy.* We will affoord that respit to your paine.

*Eu.* But least the feare of death appall my mind  
Sweet gentlemen let me this fauour find.  
That you wil vale mine eye-sight with this scarfe

That





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

That when the fatall stroke is aymde at me,  
I may not start, but suffer patiently.

*Orest.* Agreed, giue me, Ile shadow ye from feare,  
If this may do it.

*Eu.* Oh I would it might,  
But shadowes want the power to do that right.

*Shee sings.*

Ye sacred Fyres, and powers aboue,  
Forge of desires working loue,  
Cast downe your eye, cast downe your eye  
Vpon a Mayde in miserie.  
My sacrifice is louers blood:  
And from eyes salt teares a flood:  
All which I spend, all which I spend  
For thee *Ascanio*, my deare friend:  
And though this houre I must feele  
The bitter sower of pricking steele,  
Yet ill or well, yet ill or well  
To thee *Ascanio* still farewell.

*Orestes offers to strike her with his Rapier, and is stayed by Phylander.*

*Orest.* What meanes *Phylander*?

*Phy.* Oh forbeare thy stroke,  
Her pitious mone and gesture might prouoke  
Hard flints to ruthe.

*Orest.* Haſt thou forgot thy oath?

*Phy.* Forgot it? no.

*Or.* Then wherfore doest thou interrupt me so?

*Phy.* A sudden terror ouercomes my thought.

*Or.* The ſuffer me, that ſtands in fear of nought.

*Phy.* Oh hold *Orestes*, heare my reaſon firſt.

*Or.* Is all religion of thy vowe forgot?

Do as thou wilt, but I forget it not.

*Phy.*

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Phy.* *Orestes*, if thou standst vpon thine oath,  
Let me alone, to answere for vs both.

*Or.* What answere canst thou giue ? I wil not stay.

*Phy.* Nay villain, then my fword shall make me way.

*Or.* Wilt thou in this, against thy conscience striue ?

*Phy.* I will defend a woman while I liue.

A virgin, and an innocent beside,  
Therefore put vp, or else thy chaunce abide.

*Or.* Ile neuer sheath my sword, vnles thou shew,  
Our oath referued, we may let her go.

*Phy.* That will I do, if truth may be of force.

*Or.* And then wil I be please to graunt remorse.

*Eu.* Little thought & when out of doore I went,  
That thus my life should stand on argument.

*Phy.* A lawfull oath in an vnlawfull cause,  
Is first dispenc't withall, by reasons lawes :  
Then next, respect must to the end be had,  
Because th' intent, doth make it good or bad.  
Now here th' intent is murder as thou seest,  
Which to performe, thou on thy oath reliest :  
But since the cause is wicked and vniust,  
Th' effect must likewise be held odious.  
We swore to kill, and God forbids to kill :  
Shall we be rulde by him, or by mans will ?  
Beside it is a woman is condemde :  
And what is he that is a man indeed,  
That can endure to see a woman bleed ?

*Or.* Thou hast preuaild, *Eurymine* stand vp,  
I will not touch thee for a world of gold.

*Phy.* Why now thou seemst to be of humane mould.  
But on our graunt faire mayd that you shall liue,  
Will you to vs your faithfull promise giue,  
Henceforth t' abandon this your Country quite,  
And neuer more returne into the fight  
Of fierce *Telemachus*, the angry Duke,  
Wherby we may be voyd of all rebuke ?

*Eur.*





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Eur.* Here do I plight my chaste vnspotted hand,  
I will abiure this most accursed land :  
And vow henceforth what fortune ere betide,  
Within these woods and desarts to abide.

*Phy.* Now wants there nothing, but a fit excuse,  
To sooth the Duke, in his conceiu'd abuse :  
That he may be perswaded she is flaine,  
And we our wonted fauour still maintaine.

*Orest.* It shall be thus, within a Lawne hard by,  
Obscure with bushes, where no humane eye,  
Can any way discouer our deceite :  
There feeds a heard of Goates, and country neate.  
Some Kidde, or other youngling, will we take,  
And with our swords dispatch it for her sake.  
And hauing flaine it, rip his panting breast,  
And take the heart of the vnguiltie beast :  
Which to th' intent, our counterfeit report  
May seeme more likely, we will beare to court :  
And there protest with bloody weapons drawne,  
It was her heart.

*Phy.* Then likewise take this Lawne,  
Which well *Telemachus* did know she wore :  
And let it be all spotted too with gore.  
How say you mistresse, will you spare that vale ?

*Eur.* That or what else, to verifie your tale :  
And thankes *Phylander*, and *Orestes* both,  
That you preferue me from a Tyrants wroth.

*Phy.* I would it were within my power, I wis,  
To do you greater curtesie then this :  
But what we cannot by our deeds expresse  
In heart we wish to ease your heauinesse.

*Eur.* A double debt, yet one word ere ye go,  
Commend me to my deare *Ascanio* :  
Whose loyall loue, and presence to forgoe,  
Doth gall me more then all my other woe.

*Orest.* Our liues shall neuer want to do him good.

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Phy.* Nor yet our death, if he in daunger stood :  
And mistresse, so good fortune be your guide.

*Or.* And ought that may be fortunate beside.

(*Exeunt.*

*Eu.* The like I wish vnto your felues againe :  
And many happie dayes deuoyd of paine.  
And now *Eurymine* record thy state,  
So much deiected, and opprest by fate :  
What hope remaines ? wherein hast thou to ioy ?  
Wherein to tryumph, but thine owne annoy ?  
If euer wretch might tell of miserie,  
Then I alas, poore I, am only she :  
Vnknowne of parents, destitute of friends,  
Hopefull of nought, but what misfortune sends.  
Banisht, to liue a fugitiue alone,  
In vncouth paths, and regions neuer knowne.  
Behold *Ascanio*, for thy only sake,  
These tedious trauels I must vndertake :  
Nor do I grudge, the paine seemes lesse to mee,  
In that I suffer this distresse for thee.

*Enter Siluio, a Raunger.*

*Sil.* Wel met fair Nymph, or Goddesse if ye bee :  
Tis straunge me thinkes, that one of your degree  
Should walke these solitary groues alone.

*Eu.* It were no maruell if you knew my mone.  
But what are you that question me so far ?

*Sil.* My habit telles you that, a Forrester :  
That hauing lost a heard of skittish Deere,  
Was of good hope, I should a found them heere.

*Eu.* Trust me, I saw not any, so farewell.

*Sil.* Nay stay : and further of your fortunes tell :  
I am not one that meanes you any harme.

*Enter Gemulo the Shepheard.*

*Ge.* I thinke my Boy be fled away by charme.  
Raunger well met : within thy walke I pray,  
Sawst thou not *Moyso*, my vnhappy Boy ?

*Sil.*





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Sil.* Shepheard not I, what meanst to seeke him here ?

*Ge.* Because the wagge, possest with doubtfull feare,  
Leaſt I would beate him for a fault he did :  
Amongſt thoſe Trees, I do ſuſpect hees hid.  
But how now Raunger ? you miſtake I trowe,  
This is a Lady, and no barren Dowe.

*Sil.* It is indeede, and as it feemes, diſtreſt,  
Whose grieſe to know, I humbly made requeſt :  
But ſhe as yet will not reueale the fame.

*Ge.* Perhaps to me ſhe will : ſpeak gentle dame ?  
What daunger great hath driuen ye to this place ?  
Make knowne your ſtate, and looke what ſlender grace,  
**A** Shepheards poore abilitie may yeeld,  
You ſhall be ſure of, ere I leauē the feeld.

*Eur.* Alas good Sir, the cauſe may not be knowne,  
That hath inforſte me to be here alone.

*Sil.* Nay feare not to diſcouer what you are :  
It may be we may remedie your care.

*Eu.* Since needs you will, that I renew my grieſe,  
Whether it be my chance to finde reliefe  
Or not, I wreake not : ſuch my croſſes are,  
As ſooner *I* expect to meeete diſpaire.  
Then thus it is : not farre from hence do dwell  
My parents, of the world eſteemed well :  
Who with theiſt bitter threats, my graūt had won,  
This day to marrie with a neighbours ſon.  
And ſuch a one, to whom I ſhould be wife,  
**As** *I* could neuer fancie in my life.  
And therefore to auoyd that endleſſe thrall,  
This morne I came away and left them all.  
*Sil.* Now truſt me virgin, they were much vnkind,  
To ſeeke to maſh you ſo againſt your minde.

*Ge.* It was beſide, vnnaturall constraint :  
But by the tenure of your iuft complaint,  
It feemeſ you are not minded to returne,  
Nor any more to dwell where you were borne.

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Eu.* It is my purpose, if I might obtaine  
A place of refuge where I might remaine.

*Sil.* Why go with me, my Lodge is not far off,  
Where you shall haue such hospitalitie  
As shall be for your health and safetie.

*Ge.* Soft Raunger, you do raunge beyond your skill,  
My house is nearer : and for my good will,  
It shall exceed a woodmans wooden stufte :  
Then go with me, Ile keep you safe enough.

*Sil.* Ile bring her to a bower beset with greene.

*Ge.* And I an arbour, may delight a Queene.

*Sil.* Her dyet shalbe Venson at my boord.

*Ge.* Yong Kid and Lambe, we shepheards can affoord.

*Sil.* And nothing else ?

*Ge.* Yes, raunging now and then,  
A Hog, a Goose, a Capon, or a Hen. (trees.)

*Sil.* These walkes are mine, amongst the shadie

*Ge.* For that I haue, a garden full of Bees,  
Whose buzing musick with the flowers sweet,  
Each euen and morning, shall her fences greet.

*Sil.* The Nightingale is my continual clocke.

*Ge.* And mine the watchfull, fin-remembryng cocke.

*Sil.* A hunts vp, I can tune her with my hounds.

*Ge.* And I can shew her meads, and fruitfull grounds.

*Sil.* Within these woods are many pleafant springs.

*Ge.* Betwixt yond dales, the Eccho daily fings.

*Sil.* I maruell that a rusticke shepheard dare  
With woodmen then audaciously compare ?

Why, hunting is a pleasure for a King,  
And Gods themselues sometime frequent the thing.

*Diana* with her bowe and arrowes keene,  
Did often vse the Chace, in Forrests greene.

And so alas, the good Athenian knight,  
And swift *Acteon* herein tooke delight :

And *Atalanta* the Arcadian dame,  
Conceiu'd such wondrous pleasure in the game :

That





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

That with her traine of Nymphs attending on,  
She came to hunt the Bore of Calydon.

*Ge.* So did Apollo walk with shepheards crooke,  
And many Kings their scepters haue forooke :  
To lead the quiet life we shepheards tooke.  
Accounting it a refuge for their woe.

*Sil.* But we take choice of many a pleasant walke  
And marke the Deare how they begin to stalke,  
When each according to his age and time,  
Pricks vp his head, and beares a Princely minde :  
The lustie Stag conductor of the traine,  
Leads all the heard in order downe the plaine :  
The baser rascalls scatter here and there,  
As not presuming to approach so neere.

*Ge.* So shepheards somtime sit vpon a hill,  
Or in the cooling shadow of a mill :  
And as we sit, vnto our pipes we sing,  
And therewith make the neighboring groues to ring.  
And when the fun steales downward to the west,  
We leaue our chat, and whistle in the fist :  
Which is a signall to our stragling flocke,  
As Trumpets found to men in martiall shooke.

*Sil.* Shall I be thus out-faced by a swaine ?  
Ile haue a guard to wayt vpon her traine,  
Of gallant woodmen, clad in comely greene :  
The like whereof, hath fildome yet bene seene.

*Ge.* And I of shepheards such a lustie crew,  
As neuer Forrester the like yet knew :  
Who for their persons and their neate aray,  
Shalbe as fresh, as is the moneth of May.  
Where are ye there, ye merry noted swaines ?  
Draw neare a while, and whilst vpon the plaines  
Your flocks do gently feed, lets see your skill,  
How you with chaunting, can sad sorrow kill.

*Enter shepheards singing.*

*Sil.* Thinks Gemulo to beare the bell away ?

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

By singing of a simple Rundelay ?  
No, I haue fellowes, whose melodious throates  
Shall euen as far exceed those homely notes  
As doth the Nightingale in musicke passe,  
The most melodious bird that euer was.  
And for an instance, here they are at hand,  
When they haue done, let our deserts be scand.

*Enter wood-men, and sing.*

*Eu.* Thanks to you both, you both deserue so well,  
As I want skill your worthinesse to tell :  
And both I do commend for your good will,  
And both Ile honor, loue and reuerence still :  
For neuer virgin had such kindnes showne,  
Of straungers, yea, and men to her vnknowne.  
But more, to end this fudden controuersie,  
Since I am made an vmpier in the plea,  
This is my verdite : Ile intreate of you  
A Cottage for my dwelling : and of you,  
A flocke to tend : and so indifferent  
My gratefull paines on either shalbe spent.

*Sil.* I am agreed, and for the loue I beare  
Ile boast, I haue a Tenant is so faire.

*Ge.* And I wil hold it as a rich possession,  
That she vouchsafes to be of my profession.

*Sil.* Thē for a sign that no man here hath wrong  
From hence lets all conduct her with a song.

*The end of the first Act.*

*Actus secundus.*

*Enter Ascanio, and Ioculo his Page.*

*Asca.* Away Ioculo.

*Io.* Here sir, at hand.

*Asca.* Ioculo, where is she ?

*Io.* I know not.

*Asca.* When went she ?

*Ioculo.*





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Io.* I know not.

*Asca.* Which way went she ?

*Io.* I know not.

*Asca.* Where should I seeke her ?

*Io.* I know not.

*Asca.* When shall I find her ?

*Io.* I know not.

*Asca.* A vengeance take thee flauue, what dost thou know ?

*Io.* Marry fir, that I doo know.

*Asca.* What villaine ?

*Io.* And you be so testie, go looke :

What a coyles here with you ?

If we knew where she were, what need we seeke her ?

I thinke you are lunaticke : where were you

When you should haue lookt after her ? now you

Go crying vp and downe after your wench, like

A Boy had lost his horne booke.

*Asca.* Ah my sweet Boy.

*Io.* Ah my sweet Maister : nay I can giue you as good  
Words as you can giue me : alls one for that.

*Asca.* What canst thou giue me no relieve ?

*Io.* Faith fir, there comes not one morfel of comfort  
From my lips, to sustaine that hungry mawe  
Of your miserie, there is fuch a dearth at this time,  
God amend it.

*Asca.* A *Ioculo*, my breast is full of griefe,  
And yet my hope, that only wants relieve.

*Io.* Your brest and my belly, are in two contrary kaiies,  
You walke to get stomacke to your meate,  
And I walke to get meate to my stomacke :  
Your breast's full, and my bell'i's emptie.  
If they chance to part in this case, God send them  
Merry meeting : that my belly be ful, and your brest empty.

*Asca.* Boy, for the loue that euer thou didst owe,  
To thy deare master, poore *Ascanio*,  
Racke thy proou'd wits, vnto the highest straine,  
To bring me backe *Eurymine* againe.

*Ioculo.*

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Io.* Nay master, if wit could do it, I could tell you  
More : but if it euer be done, the very legeritie  
Of the feete must do it : these ten nimble bones  
Must do the deed : Ile trot like a little dog :  
Theres not a bush so big as my beard,  
But Ile be peeping in it : theres not a Coate but  
Ile search euery corner : if she be aboue, or  
Beneath, ouer the ground, or vnder, Ile finde her out.

*Afca.* Stay *Ioculo* : alas it cannot be :  
If we should part, I loose both her and thee :  
The woods are wide : and wandring thus about,  
Thou maist be lost : and not my Loue found out.

*Io.* I pray you let me goe.

*Afca.* I pray thee stay.

*Io.* Ifaith ile runne.

*Afca.* And doest not know which way.

*Io.* Any way : alls one, ile drawe drie foote :  
If you send not to seeke her, you may lye  
Here long enough, before she come to seeke you :  
She little thinkes that you are hunting for her  
In these quarters.

*Afca.* Ah *Ioculo*, before I leaue my Boy,  
Of this worlds comfort, now my only ioy :  
Seest thou this place ? vpon this grassie bed,  
With sommers gawdie dyaper bespred.

*He lyes downe.*

Vnder these shadowes shall my dwelling be :  
Till thou returne, sweet *Ioculo* to me.

*Io.* And if my Conuoy be not cut off by the way,  
It shall not be long before I be with you.

*He speakes to the people.*

Well, I pray you looke to my maister : for  
Here *I* leaue him amongst you : and if *I*  
Chaunce to light on the wench, you shall heare  
Of me by the next winde.

*Exit Ioculo, Ascanio solus.*

*Ascanio.*





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Afca.* In vaine I feare, I beate my braines about,  
Proouing by search, to finde my mistresse out :  
*Eurymine, Eurymine,* retorne :  
And with thy presence guild the beautious morne :  
And yet I feare to call vpon thy name,  
The pratling Eccho, should she learne the same,  
The last words accent sheele no more prolong,  
But beare that found vpon her airie tong.  
Adorned with the presence of my Loue,  
The woods I feare, such secret power shal proue  
As they'll shut vp each path : hide euery way,  
Because they still would haue her go astray :  
And in that place would alwaies haue her feene,  
Only because they would be euer greene :  
And keepe the wingged Quiristers still there,  
To banish winter cleane out of the yeare.  
But why persist I to bemone my state,  
When she is gone, and my complaint too late ?  
A drowsie dulnes clofeth vp my sight,  
O powerfull sleepe, I yeeld vnto thy might.

*He falles a sleepe.*

*Enter Iuno, and Iris.*

*Iuno.* Come hither *Iris.*

*Iris.* *Iris* is at hand,  
To attend *Ioues* wife : great *Iunos* hie command.

*Iuno.* *Iris* I know I do thy seruice proue,  
And euer since I was the wife of *Ioue*  
Thou hast bene readie when I called still,  
And alwayes most obedient to my will :  
Thou feest how that imperiall Queene of loue,  
With all the Gods, how she preuailes aboue,  
And still against great *Iunos* hefts doth stand,  
To haue all stoupe and bowe, at her command :  
Her Doues and Swannes, and Sparrowes, must be graced,  
And on Loues Aultars, must be highly placed.

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

My starry Peacockes, which doth beare my state  
Scarely alowed within his pallace gate :  
And since her selfe, she thus preferd doth see,  
Now the proud huswife will contend with mee :  
And practiseth her wanton pranckes to play  
With this *Ascanio*, and *Euryamine*.  
But Loue shall know, in spight of all his skill,  
*Juno's* a woman, and will haue her wiil.

*Iris.* What is my Goddesse will ? may *Iris* aske ?

*Juno.* *Iris*, on thee I do impose this taske,  
To crosse proud *Venus*, and her purblind Lad,  
Vntill the mother, and her brat be mad,  
And with each other, set them so at odds,  
Till to their teeth they curse, and ban the Gods.

*Iris.* Goddes, the graunt consists alone in you,

*Juno.* Then mark the course which now you must purfue  
Within this ore-growne Forrest, there is found  
A duskie Cauue, thrust lowe into the ground :  
So vgly darke, so dampie and steepe,  
As for his life the funne durst neuer peepe  
Into the entrance : which doth so afright  
The very day, that halfe the world is night.  
Where fennish fogges, and vapours do abound :  
There *Morpheus* doth dwell within the ground,  
No crowing Cocke, nor waking bell doth call,  
Nor watchfull dogge disturbeth sleepe at all.  
No found is heard in compasse of the hill,  
But euery thing is quiet, whisht, and still.  
Amid this Cauue, vpon the ground doth lie,  
A hollow plancher, all of Ebonie  
Couver'd with blacke, whereon the drowsie God,  
Drowned in sleepe, continually doth nod :  
Go *Iris* go, and my commaundment take,  
And beate agaist the doores till sleepe awake,  
Bid him from me, in vision to appeare,  
Vnto *Ascanio* that lieth slumbring heare.  
And in that vision, to reueale the way,

How





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

How he may finde the faire *Eurymine*.

*Iris.* Madam, my seruice is at your command,

*Iuno.* Dispatch it then, good *Iris* out of hand.

My Peacocks and my Charriot shall remaine,

About the shore, till thou returne againe.

*Exit Iuno.*

*Iris.* About the businesse now that *I* am sent,

To sleepes blacke Cauie, *I* will incontinent :

And his darke cabine, boldly will *I* shake,

Vntill the drowsie lumpish God awake :

And such a bounsing at his Cauie Ile keepe,

That if pale death, feaz'd on the eyes of sleepe,

Ile rowse him vp, that when he shall me heare,

Ile make his locks stand vp on end with feare.

Be silent aire, whil'st *Iris* in her pride

Swifter then thought, vpon the windes doth ride.

What *Somnus*, what *Somnus*, *Somnus*.

*Strikes*

*Pauses a litle.*

What wilt thou not awake ? art thou still so fast ?

Nay then yfaith, Ile haue an other cast.

What *Somnus Somnus I* say ?

*Strikes againe.*

*Som.* Who calles at this time of the day ?

What a balling dost thou keepe ?

A vengeance take thee, let me sleepe.

*Iris.* Vp thou drowsie God, *I* say,

And come prefently away,

Or *I* will beate vpon this doore,

That after this, thou sleep'st no more.

*Som.* Ile take a nap, and come annon.

*Iris.* Out you beast, you blocke, you stome :

Come, or at thy doore Ile thunder,

Til both heauen and hel do wonder, *Somnus I* say.

*Som.* A vengeance split thy chaps asunder.

*Iris.* What *Somnus* ? *Enter Somnus.*

*Som.* *Iris I* thought it should be thee.

How now mad wench, what wouldest with me ?

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Iris.* From mightie *Iuno*, *Ioues* immortall wife,  
*Somnus* I come : to charge thee on thy life,  
That thou vnto this Gentleman appeere,  
And in this place, thus as he lyeth heere,  
Present his mistres to his inward eies,  
In as true manner, as thou canst deuise.

*Som.* I would thou wert hangd for waking me.  
Three sonnes I haue, the eldest *Morpheus* hight :  
He shewes of man, the shape or sight.  
The second *Icelor*, whose behests  
Doth shewe the formes of birds and beasts.  
*Phantafor* for the third, things lifeles hee :  
Chuse which like thee of these three.

*Iris.* *Morpheus* : if he in humane shape appeare.

*Som.* *Morpheus* come forth in perfect likenes heere  
Of, how call ye the Gentlewoman ?

*Iris.* *Eurymine*.

*Som.* Of *Eurymine* : and shewe this Gentleman,  
What of his mistres is become.

*Kneeling downe by Ascanio.*

*Enter Eurymine, to be supposed Morpheus.*

*Mor.* My deare *Ascanio*, in this vision see,  
*Eurymine* doth thus appeare to thee :  
As soone as sleepe hath left thy drowsie eies,  
Follow the path that on thy right hand lies,  
An aged Hermit thou by chaunce shalt find,  
That there hath bene, time almost out of mind :  
This holy man, this aged reuerent Father,  
There in the woods, doth rootes and simples gather :  
His wrinckled browe, tells strengths past long ago :  
His beard as white, as winters driuen snow.  
He shall discourse the troubles I haue past,  
And bring vs both togither at the last.  
Thus she presents her shadow to thy sight,  
That would her person gladly if she might.

*Iris.* See





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Iris.* See how he catches to imbrace the shade.

*Mor.* This vision fully doth his powers inuade.  
And when the heate shall but a litle flake :

Thou then shalt see him presently awake.

*Som.* Hast thou ought else, that I may stand in sted ?

*Iris.* No Somnus, no : go back vnto thy bed :  
*Iuno* she shall reward thee for thy paine.

*Som.* Then good night *Iris*, Ile to rest againe.

*Iris.* Morpheus farewell : to *Iuno* I will flie.

*Mor.* And *I* to sleepe, as fast as *I* can hie. *Exeunt.*

*Ascanio* starting, sayes.

*Eurymine* : Ah my good Angell stay :

O vanish not so suddenly away.

O stay my Goddes, whither doest thou flie ?

Returne my sweet *Eurymine*, tis *I*.

Where art thou speake ? Let me behold thy face :

Did *I* not see thee, in this very place

Euen now ? Here did *I* not see thee stand ?

And here thy feete did bleffe the happie land ?

*Eurymine* : Oh wilt thou not attend ?

Flie from thy foe : *Ascanio* is thy friend.

The fearfull Hare, so shuns the labouring hound,

And so the Dear eschues the Hunts-man wound.

The trembling Foule, so flies the Falcons gripe :

The Bond-man, so, his angry maisters stripe.

*I* follow not, as *Phæbus Daphne* did :

Nor as the Dog pursues the trembling Kid.

Thy shape it was : alas *I* sawe not thee :

That sight were fitter for the Gods then mee.

But if in dreames, there any truth be found,

Thou art within the compas of this ground.

Ile raunge the woods, and all the groues about,

And neuer rest, vntill *I* find thee out. *Exit*

*Enter at one doore, Mopso singing.*

*Mop.* Terlitelo, Terlitelo, terlitelee, terlo,

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

So merrily this shepheards Boy  
His horne that he can blow,  
Early in a morning, late, late, in an euening,  
And euer sat this little Boy,  
So merrily piping.

*Enter at the other doore, Frisco singing.*

*Frif.* Can you blow the little horne ?  
Weell, weell, and very weell.  
And can you blow the little horne,  
Amongst the leaues greene ?

*Enter Ioculo in the midſt singing.*

*Io.* Fortune my foe, why doest thou frowne on mee ?  
And will my fortune neuer better bee :  
Wilt thou I say, for euer breed my paine ?  
And wilt thou not restore my Ioyes againe ?

*Frisco.* Cannot a man be merry in his owne walke,  
But a must be thus encombred ?

*Io.* I am disposed to be melancholly,  
And I cannot be priuate, for one villaine or other.

*Mop.* How the diuel stumbled this case of rope-ripes in-  
into my way ?

*Frif.* Sirrha, what art thou ? and thou ?

*Io.* I am Page to a Courtier.

*Mop.* And I a Boy to a Shepheard.

*Frif.* Thou art the Apple-squier to an Eawe,  
And thou sworne brother to a bale of false dice.

*Io.* What art thou ?

*Frif.* I am a Boy to a Raunger.

*Io.* An Out-lawe by authoritie: one that neuer sets marke  
of his own goods, nor neuer knowes how he comes by other  
mens.

*Mop.* That neuer knowes his cattell, but by their hornes.

*Frif.* Sirrha, so you might haue said of your masters sheep.

*Io.* I marry: this takes fier like touch powder,  
And goes off with a huffe.

*Frif.* They come of crick-cracks, and shake their tayles  
like a squib.

*Ioculo.*





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Io.* Ha you Rogues, the very steele of my wit, shall strike  
fier from the flint of your vnderstandings: haue you not  
heard of me?

*Mop.* Yes, if you be that *Io culo* that I take you for, we  
haue heard of your exploits, for cosoning of some seuen,  
and thirtie Alewivies, in the Villages here about.

*Io.* A wit, as nimble as a Sempsters needle, or a girles fin-  
ger at her Buske poynt.

*Mop.* Your iest goes too low sir.

*Frij.* O but tis a tickling iest.

*Io.* Who wold haue thought to haue found this in a plaine  
villaine, that neuer woare better garment, then a green Ier-  
kin?

*Frifco.* O Sir, though you Courtiers haue all the honour,  
You haue not all the wit.

*Mop.* Soft fir, tis not your witte can carry it away in this  
company.

*Io.* Sweet Rogues, your companie to me, is like musick to  
a wench at midnight: when she lies alone, and could wish,  
yea marry could she.

*Frij.* And thou art as welcom to me, as a new poking stick  
to a Chamber mayd.

*Mop.* But soft, who comes here?

*Enter the Faieries, singing and dauncing.*

By the Moone we sport and play,  
With the night begins our day:  
As we daunce the deaw doth fall,  
Trip it little vrchins all:  
Lightly as the little Bee,  
Two by two, and three by three:  
And about go we, and about go wee.

*Io.* What Mawmets are these?

*Frij.* O they be the Fayries that haunt these woods.

*Mop.* O we shall be pincht most cruelly.

*i Fay.* Will you haue any musick Sir?

*2 Fayrie.*

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

2 *Fay.* Will you haue any fine musicke ?

3 *Fay.* Most daintie musicke ?

*Mop.* We must set a face on't now, theres no flying.

No Sir : we are very merry I thanke you.

1 *Fay.* O but you shall Sir.

*Frif.* No, I pray you saue your labour.

2 *Fay.* O Sir, it shall not cost you a penny.

*Io.* Where be your Fiddles ?

3 *Fay.* You shall haue most daintie Instruments Sir.

*Mop.* I pray you, what might I call you ?

1 *Fay.* My name is *Penny*.

*Mop.* I am fory I cannot purse you.

*Frif.* I pray you sir, what might I call you ?

2 *Fay.* My name is *Cricket*.

*Frif.* I would I were a Chimney for your sake.

*Io.* I pray you, you prettie litle fellow, whats your name ?

3 *Fay.* My name is litttle, litttle *Pricke*.

*Io.* Little, little *Pricke*? ô you are a daungerous Fayrie,  
And fright all the litle wenches in the Country,  
Out of their beds.

I care not whose hand I were in, so I were out of yours.

1 *Fay.* I do come about the coppes,

Leaping vpon flowers toppes :

Then I get vpon a flie,

Shee carries me aboue the skie:

And trip and goe.

2 *Fay.* When a deawe drop falleth downe,

And doth light vpon my crowne,

Then I shake my head and skip :

And about I trip.

3 *Fay.* When I feele a gyrtle a sleepe,

Vnderneath her frock I peepe,

There to sport, and there I play,

Then I byte her like a flea:

And about I skip.

*Io.* I, I thought where I should haue you.

1 *Fayrie.*





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

1 *Fay.* Wilt please you daunce sir?

*Io.* Indeed sir, I cannot handle my legges.

2 *Fay.* O you must needs daunce and sing:

Which if you refuse to doo,

We will pinch you blacke and blew.

And about we goe.

*They all daunce in a Ring, and sing as followeth.*

Round about, round about, in a fine Ring a :

Thus we daunce, thus we daunce, and thus we sing a.

Trip and go, too and fro, ouer this Greene a :

All about, in and out, for our braue Queene a.

Round about, round about, in a fine Ring a :

Thus we daunce, thus we daunce, and thus we sing a.

Trip and go, too and fro, ouer this Greene a :

All about, in and out, for our braue Queene a.

We haue daunc't round about, in a fine Ring a :

We haue daunc't lustily, and thus we sing a.

All about, in and out, ouer this Greene a :

Too and fro, trip and go, to our braue Queene a.

*Actus tertius.*

*Scena. I.*

*Enter Appollo, and three Charites.*

1. *Cha.* No no great *Phœbus*, this your silence tends,  
To hide your grieve from knowledge of your friends,  
Who if they knew the cause in each respect,  
Would shewe their vtmost skill to cure th' effect.

*Ap.* Good Ladyes, your conceites in iudgement erre,  
Because you see me dumpish, you referre  
The reason to some secreit grieve of mine :  
But you haue seene me melancholy many a time,

D

Perhaps

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

Perhaps it is the glowing weather now,  
That makes me seeme so ill at ease to you.

1 Fine shifts to colour that you cannot hide,  
No *Phœbus*, by your looks may be discribe  
Some hid conceit that harbors in your thought,  
Which hath therein, some straunge impression wrought:  
That by the course thereof, you seeme to mee,  
An other man then you were wont to bee.

*Ap.* No Ladies, you deceiue your selues in mee:  
What likelihood or token do ye fee,  
That may perswade it true that you suppose?

2 *Appollo*, hence a great suspition growes,  
Ye are not so pleasaunt now, as earst in companie,  
Ye walke alone, and wander solitarie.  
The pleasaunt toyes we did frequent sometime,  
Are worne away, and growne out of prime.  
Your Instrument hath lost his siluer sound,  
That rang of late, through all this grouie ground.  
Your bowe wherwith the chace you did frequent,  
Is closde in case, and long hath bene vnbent.  
How differ you from that *Appollo* now,  
That whilom sat in shade of Lawrell bowe,  
And with the warbling of your Iuorie Lute,  
T' alure the Fairies for to daunce about.  
Or from *Th' appollo* that with bended bowe,  
Did many a sharp and wounding shaft bestowe.  
Amidst the Dragon *Pithons* scalie wings,  
And forc't his dying blood to spout in springs.  
Beleeue me *Phœbus*, who fawe you then and now,  
Would thinke there were a wondrous change in you.

*Ap.* Alas faire dames, to make my forows plain,  
Would but reuiue an auncient wound again.  
Which grating presently vpon my minde,  
Doth leaue a scar of former woes behinde.

3 *Phœbus*, if you account vs for the same,  
That tender thee, and loue *Appollos* name,  
Powre forth to vs the fountaine of your woe,

From





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

Frō whence the spring of these your sorows flowe ?  
If we may any way redresse your mone,  
Commaund our best, harme will we do you none.

*Ap.* Good Ladies, though I hope for no relieve,  
Ile shewe the ground of this my present grieve.  
This time of yeare, or there about it was,  
Accursed be the time, tenne times alas :

When I from *Delphos* tooke my iourney downe,  
To see the games in noble *Sparta* Towne,  
There saw I that, wherein I gan to ioy,  
*Amilchars* sonne a gallant comely boy,  
Hight (*Hiacinth*) full fifteene yeares of age,  
Whom I intended to haue made my Page,  
And bare as great affection to the boy,  
As euer *Ioue*, in *Ganimede* did ioy.

Among the games, my selfe put in a pledge,  
To trie my strength in throwing of the sledge,  
Which poysing with my strained arme I threw  
So farre, that it beyond the other flew.

My *Hiacinth*, delighting in the game,  
Desierd to proue his manhood in the fame :  
And catching ere the sledge lay still on ground,  
With violent force, aloft it did rebound  
Against his head, and battered out his braine :  
And so alas, my louely boy was slaine.

1. Hard hap O *Phœbus*, but sieth it's past & gone,  
We wish ye to forbeare this frustrate mone.

*Ap.* Ladies, I know my sorrowes are in vaine,  
And yet from mourning can I not refraine.

1. *Eurania* some pleasant Song shall sing.  
To put ye from your dumps.

*Ap.* Alas, no Song will bring  
The least relieve to my perplexed minde.

2. No *Phœbus*? what other pastime shal we finde,  
To make ye merry with ?

*Ap.* Faire dames I thanke you all,

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

No sport nor pastime can release my thrall :  
My grief's of course, when it the course hath had,  
I shall be merrie, and no longer sad.

1 What will ye then we doo ?

*Ap.* And please ye, you may goe,  
And leau me here to feed vpon my woe.

2 Then *Phebus*, we can but wish ye wel again.

*Exeunt Charites.*

*Ap.* I thanke ye gentle Ladies for your paine.  
O *Phæbus* wretched thou thus art thou faine  
With forg'de excuses, to conceale thy paine.  
O *Hyacinth*, I suffer not these fits  
For thee my Boy, no, no, another fits  
Deeper then thou, in closet of my brest :  
Whose fight so late, hath wrought me this vnrest.  
And yet no Goddesse, nor of heauenly kinde  
She is, whose beautie thus torments my minde.  
No Fayrie Nymph, that haunts these pleasaunt woods,  
No Goddesse of the flowres, the fields, nor floods :  
Yet such an one, whom iustly I may call  
A Nymph, as well as any of them all.  
*Eurymine*, what heauen affoords thee heere ?  
So may I say, because thou com'st so neere ?  
And neerer far vnto a heauenly shape,  
Then she of whom *Ioue* triumph't in the Rape.  
Ile sit me downe, and wake my grieve againe,  
To sing a while, in honour of thy name.

*The Song.*

Amidst the mountaine *Ida* groues,  
Where *Paris* kept his Heard :  
Before the other Ladies all,  
He would haue thee preferd.  
*Pallas* for all her painting than,  
Her face would seeme but pale :  
Then *Juno* would haue blusht for shame,  
And *Venus* looked stale.

*Eurymine*





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Euryamine* thy selfe alone,  
Shouldſt beare the golden ball :  
So far would thy moſt heauenly forme,  
Excell the other all.  
O happy *Phæbus*, happy then,  
Moſt happy ſhould I bee :  
If faire *Euryamine* would pleafe,  
To ioyne in loue with mee.

*Enter Euryamine.*

*Eu.* Although there be ſuch diſference in the chaunge,  
To liue in Court, and defart woods to raunge,  
Yet in extremes, wherein we cannot chufe,  
An extreame refuge is not to refufe.  
Good gentlemen, did any fee my heard ?  
I ſhall not finde them out, I am afeard :  
And yet my maifter wayteth with his bowe,  
Within a ſtanding, for to ſtrike a Doe.  
You ſawt hem not ? your silence makes me doubt :  
I muſt goe further, till I finde them out.

*Ap.* What ſeek you prettie Mayde ?

*Eu.* Forſooth my heard of Deere.

*Ap.* I ſaw them lately, but they are not heere.

*Eu.* I pray Sir, where ?

*Ap.* An houre agoe or twaine,  
I ſaw them feeding all aboue the plaine.

*Eu.* So much the more my toile to fetch them in.  
I thanke ye Sir.

*Ap.* Nay ſtay ſweet Nymph with mee.

*Eu.* My busines, cannot fo diſpatched bee.

*Ap.* But pray ye Maide, it will be verie good,  
To take the ſhade, in this vnhauanted wood :  
This flowring bay with branches large and great,  
Will throwd ye ſafely, from the parching heat.

*Eu.* Good ſir, my busines calls me hence in haſt.  
*Ap.* O ſtay with him, whō conquered thou haſt.  
With him, whose reſtles thoughts do beat on thee :

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

With him that ioyes, thy wished face to see.  
With him whose ioyes surmount all ioyes aboue:  
If thou wouldest thinke him worthie of thy loue.

*Eu.* Why Sir, would you desire another make?  
And weare that garland for your Mistres sake?

*Ap.* No Nymph, although I loue this lawrel tree,  
My fancy ten times more affecteth thee:  
And as the bay is alwaies fresh and greene,  
So shall my loue as fresh to thee be seene.

*Eu.* Now truly Sir, you offer me great wrong,  
To hold me from my busines here so long.

*Ap.* O stay sweet Nymph, with more aduisement view,  
What one he is, that for thy grace doth sue:  
I am not one that haunts on hills or Rocks,  
I am no shepheard wayting on my flocks.  
I am no boystrous Satyre, no nor Faune,  
That am with pleasure of thy beautie drawne.  
Thou dost not know God wot, thou dost not kno,  
The wight, whose presence thou disdainest so.

*Eu.* But I may know, if you wold please to tell.

*Ap.* My father in the highest heauens doth dwel:  
And I am knowne the sonne of *Ioue* to bee,  
Whereon the folke of *Delphos* honor mee.  
By me is knowne what is, what was, and what shall bee,  
By me are learnde the Rules of harmonie.  
By me the depth of Phisicks lore is found:  
And power of hearbes that grow vpon the ground.  
And thus by circumstancies maist thou see,  
That I am *Phœbus*, who doth fancie thee.

*Eu.* No sir, by these discourses may I see,  
You mock me with a forged pedigree.  
If sonne you be to *Ioue*, as erst ye said,  
In making loue vnto a mortall maide,  
You worke dishonour to your deitie:  
I must be gone: I thanke ye for your curtesie.

*Ap.* Alas, abandon not thy Louer so.

*Eurymine.*





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*Eu.* I pray sir hartily, giue me leaue to goe.

*Ap.* The way ore-growne, with shrubs and bushes thick,  
The sharpned thornes, your tender feete will prick.  
The brambles round about, your traine will lappe,  
The burs and briars, about your skirts will wrappe.

*Eu.* If *Phœbus*, thou of *Ioue* the ofspring be,  
Dishonor not thy deitie so much,  
With profered force, a silly mayd to touch :  
For doing so, although a god thou bee,  
The earth, and men on earth, shall ring thy infamie.

*Ap.* Hard speech to him that loueth thee so well.

*Eu.* What know I that ?

*Ap.* I know it, and can tell: and feele it too.

*Eu.* If that your loue be such,  
As you pretend, so feruent and so much,  
For proveo thereof, graunt me but one request.

*Ap.* I will, by *Ioue* my father, I protest:  
Prouided first, that thy petition bee,  
Not hurtfull to thy selfe, nor harme to mee.  
For so sometimes did *Phaeton* my sonne,  
Request a thing, whereby he was vndonne.  
He lost his life through crauing it, and I  
Through graunting it, lost him my sonne thereby.

*Eu.* Then *Phœbus* thus it is, if thou be hee,  
That art pretended in thy pedegree,  
If sonne thou be to *Ioue* as thou doest faine,  
And chalengest that tytle not in vaine:  
Now heer bewray some signe of godhead than ?  
And chaunge me straight, from shape of mayd to man ?

*Ap.* Alas, what fond desire doth moue thy minde  
To wish thee altered from thy natuie kinde ?  
If thou in this thy womans forme canst moue,  
Not men but gods, to sue and feeke thy loue:  
Content thy selfe with natures bountie than,  
And couet not to beare the shape of man.  
And this moreouer will **I** say to thee,  
Fairer man then mayde, thou shalt neuer bee.

*Eury.*

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*Eu.* These vaine excuses, manifestly showe,  
Whether you vsurp *Appollo*s name or no.  
Sith my demaund so far surmounts your Art,  
Ye ioyne exceptions, on the other part.

*Ap.* Nay then my doubtles Deitie to proue,  
Although thereby for euer I loose my Loue,  
I graunt thy wish, thou art become a man :  
I speake no more, then well performe I can.  
And though thou walke in chaunged bodie now,  
This pannance shall be added to thy vow :  
Thy selfe a man, shalt loue a man, in vaine :  
And louing, wish to be a maide againe.

*Eu.* *Appollo*, whether I loue a man or not,  
I thanke ye, now I will accept my lot :  
And sith my chaunge hath disappointed you,  
Ye are at libertie to loue anew.

*Exit.*

*Ap.* If euer I loue, sith now I am forsaken,  
Where next I loue, it shall be better taken :  
But what so ere my fate in louing bee,  
Yet thou maist vaunt, that *Phæbus* loued thee.

*Exit Appollo.*

*Enter Ioculo, Frisco, and Mopso, at three  
feuerall doores.*

*Mop.* *Ioculo*, whither ietteſt thou ?  
Hast thou found thy Maifer ?

*Io.* *Mopso* wel met, hast thou found thy mistreſſe ?

*Mop.* Not I by Pan.

*Io.* Nor I by Pot.

*Mop.* Pot ? what god's that ?

*Io.* The next god to a Pan, and ſuch a pot it may be,  
That





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As he shall haue moe seruants then all the Pannes in a Tin-kers shop.

*Mop.* *Frisco*, where hast thou bene frisking ? hast thou found ?

*Fris.* I haue found.

*Io.* What hast thou found *Frisco* ?

*Fris.* A couple of crack-roapes.

*Io.* And I.

*Mop.* And I.

*Fris.* I meane you two.

*Io.* I you two.

*Mop.* And I you two.

*Fris.* Come, a trebble coniunction : all three, all three.

*They all imbrace each other.*

*Mop.* But *Frisco*, hast not found the faire shepheardeſte, thy Maifters Miftrefſe ?

*Fris.* Not I by God, *Priapus* I meane.

*Io.* *Priapus* quoth a ? Whattin a God might that bee ?

*Fris.* A plaine God, with a good peg to hang a shepheardeſte bottle vpon.

*Io.* Thou being a Forresters Boy, shouldest sweare by the God of the woods.

*Fris.* My Maifter sweares by *Siluanus*, I must sweare by his poore neighbour.

*Io.* And heer's a shepheards swaine, sweares by a Kitchen God, *Pan*.

*Mop.* *Pan's* the shepheardeſte God, but thou swearest by Pot, what God's that ?

*Io.* The God of good-fellowship : well, you haue wicked Maifters, that teach ſuch little Boyes as you are to sweare fo young.

*Fris.* Alas good old great man, wil not your master ſwear ?

*Io.* I neuer heard him ſweare fix found oaths in all my life.

*Mop.* May hap he cannot, because hees difeaſd.

*Fris.* Peace *Mopſo*. I will ſtand toot, hee's neither braue Courtier, bouncing Caualier, nor boone Companion, if he

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sweare not sometime : for they will sweare, forswear, and  
sweare.

*Io.* How ? sweare, forswear, and sweare ? how is that ?

*Frif.* They'le sweare at dyce, forswear their debts :  
And sweare when they loose their labour in loue.

*Io.* Well, your maisters haue much to answere for , that  
bring ye vp so wickedly.

*Frif.* Nay my maister is damn'd Ile be sworne, for his ve-  
ry soule burnes in the firie eye of his faire mistresse.

*Mop.* My maister is not damn'd, but he is dead, for he hath  
buried his ioyes in the bosome of his faire mistresse.

*Io.* My maister is neither damnde nor dead, and yet is in  
the case of both your maisters : like a wooden shepheard,  
and a sheepish wood-man, for he is lost in seeking of a lost  
sheepe, and spent in hunting a Doe that hee would faine  
strike.

*Frif.* Faith and I am founderd with flinging too and fro,  
with Chef-nuts, Hazel-nuts, Bullaze, and wildings, for pre-  
sents from my maister to the faire shepherdesse.

*Mop.* And I am tierd like a Calfe, with carrying a Kidde  
euery weeke to the Cottage of my maisters sweete Lamb-  
kin.

*Io.* I am not tierd, but so wearie I cannot goe, with follow-  
ing a maister, that followes his mistresse, that followes her  
shadow, that followes the funne, that followes his course.

*Frif.* That follows the colt, that followed the mare , the  
man rode on to Midleton : shall I speake a wise word ?

*Mop.* Do and wee will burne our caps.

*Frif.* Are not we fooles ?

*Io.* Is that a wise word ?

*Frif.* Giue me leauue: are not we fooles to weare our yong  
feete to old stumps , when there dwells a cunning man in a  
Cauue hereby, who for a bunch of rootes, a bagge of nuts, or  
a bushell of crabs, will tell vs, where thou shalt finde thy mai-  
ster, and which of our maisters shall win the wenches fauour ?

*Io.* Bring me to him *Frisco*, Ile giue him all the poyncts at  
my





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my hose, to poynt me right to my maister.

*Mop.* A bottle of whey shall be his meed, if he saue me labour for posting with prefents.

*Enter Aramanthus, with his Globe, &c.*

*Fris.* Here he comes, offend him not *Ioculo*,  
For feare he turne thee to a Iacke an Apes.

*Mop.* And thee to an Owle.

*Io.* And thee to a Wood-cocke.

*Fris.* A Wood-cocke, an Owle, and an Ape?

*Mop.* A long bill, a broade face, and no tayle?

*Io.* Kiffe it *Mopso*, and be quiet, Ile salute him ciuilly.  
Good speed good man.

*Aram.* Welcome bad boy.

*Fris.* He speakes to thee *Ioculo*.

*Io.* Meaning thee *Frisco*.

*Aram.* I speake, and meane not him, nor him, nor thee,  
But speaking so, I speake and meane, all three.

*Io.* If ye be good at Rimes and Riddles old man, expound  
me this.

These two serue two, those two serue one,  
Affoyle me this, and I am gone.

*Aram.* You three serue three, those three do feeke to one,  
One shall her finde, he comes, and she is gone.

*Io.* This is a wife answer : her going causd his comming,  
For if she had nere gone, he had nere come.

*Mop.* Good maister wizard, leaue these murlemewes, and  
tel *Mopso* plainly, whether *Gemulo* my maister, that gentle  
shepherd, shall win the loue of the faire shepherdesse his  
flock-keeper or not, and Ile giue ye a bottell of as good  
whey, as ere ye laid lips too.

*Fris.* And good father Fortune-teller, let *Frisco* knowe,  
whither *Siluio* my maister that lustie Forrester, shal gaine that  
fame gay shepherdesse or no? Ile promise ye nothing for your  
paines, but a bag full of nuts : if I bring a crab or two in my  
pocket, take them for aduantage.

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*Io.* And gentle maister wife-man, tell *Ioculo*, if his noble Maister *Afcanio*, that gallant Courtier, shalbe found by me, and she found by him, for whom, he hath lost his fathers fauour, and his owne libertie, and I my labour, and Ile giue ye thankes : for we Courtiers, neither giue nor take bribes.

*Aram.* I take your meaning better then your speech, And I will graunt the thing you doo befeech : But for the teares of Louers be no toyes, Ile tell their chaunce in parables to Boyes.

*Fris.* In what ye will, lets heare our maisters luck.

*Aram.* Thy maisters Doe, shall turne vnto a Buck.

*To Mopso.*

Thy maisters Eawe, be chaunged to a Ram,

*To Ioculo.*

Thy maister seeks a maide, and findes a man. Yet for his labor shall he gaine his meede, The other two shall sigh, to see him speede.

*Mop.* Then my maister shall not win the shepheardeesse ?

*Aram.* No : hast thee home, and bid him right his wrong, The shepheardeesse wil leauie his flock ere long.

*Mop.* Ile run to warne my master of that.

*Exit.*

*Fris.* My maister wood-man, takes but wooden paines to no purpose I thinke, what say ye, shall he speede ?

*Aram.* No : tell him so, and bid him tend his Deare : And ceafe to woe, he shall not wed this yeare.

*Fris.* I am not forie for it, farewell *Ioculo*.

*Exit.*

*Io.* I may goe with thee , for I shall speed euен so too, by staying behinde.

*Aram.* Better my Boy, thou shalt thy maister finde, And he shall finde the partie he requires : And yet not finde the summe of his desires. Keep on that way, thy maister walkes before, Whom when thou find'st, loose him good Boy no more.

*Exit ambo.*

*Act. 4.*





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*Act. 4.*

*Enter Ascanio, and Ioculo.*

*Afca.* Shall then my trauell euer endles proue?  
That I can heare no tydings of my Loue?  
In neither desart, groue, nor shadie wood,  
Nor obscure thicket, where my foote hath trod?  
But euery plough-man, and rude shepheard swain,  
Doth still reply vnto my greater paine?  
Some Satyre then, or Goddesse of this place,  
Some water Nymph, vouchsafe me so much grace  
As by some view, some signe, or other sho,  
I may haue knowledge if she liue or no.

*Echo.* No.

*Afca.* Then my poore hart is buried too in wo:  
Record it once more, if the truth be so?

*Echo.* So.

*Afca.* How, that *Eurymine* is dead, or liues?

*Echo.* Liues.

*Afca.* Now gentle Goddesse thou redeem'ſt my soule  
From death to life: Oh tell me quickly where?

*Echo.* Where?

*Afca.* In ſome remote far region, or elſe neere?

*Echo.* Neere.

*Afca.* Oh what conceales her from my thirtie eies?  
Is it restraint? or ſome vnknowne diſguife?

*Echo.* Diſguife.

*Io.* Let me be hangd my Lord, but all is lyes.

*Echo.* Lyes.

*Io.* True, we are both perfwaded thou doeft lye.

*Echo.* Thou doeft lye.

*Io.* Who I?

*Echo.* Who I?

*Io.* I thou.

*Echo,* I thou.

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*Io.* Thou dar'st not come and say so to my face.

*Echo.* Thy face.

*Io.* Ile make you then for euer prating more.

*Ech.* More.

*Io.* Will ye prate more? Ile see that presently.

*Afsha.* Stay *Ioculo*, it is the Echo Boy,  
That mocks our grieve, and laughes at our annoy.

Hard by this groue there is a goodly plaine

Betwixt two hils, still fresh with drops of raine:

Where neuer spreading Oake nor Poplar grew,

Might hinder the prospēct or other view,

But all the country that about it lyes,

Prefents it selfe vnto our mortall eyes:

Sauē that vpon each hill, by leauie trees,

The Sun at highest, his scorching heat may leefe.

There languishing my selfe I will betake,

As heauen shall please, and only for her sake.

*Io.* Stay maister, I haue spied the fellow now, that mockt  
vs all this while: see where he sits.

*Aramanthus fitting.*

*Afsha.* The very shape my Vision told me off,  
That I should meet with as I strayd this way.

*Io.* What lynes he drawes? best go not ouer farre.

*Afsha.* Let me alone, thou doest but trouble mee.

*Io.* Youle trouble vs all annon, ye shall see.

*Afsha.* God speed faire Sir.

*Io.* My Lord doo ye not marke?

How the skie thickens, and begins to darke?

*Afsha.* Health to ye Sir.

*Io.* Nay then God be our speed.

*Ara.* Forgiue me Sir, I fawe ye not in deed.

*Afsha.* Pardon me rather, for molesting you.

*Io.* Such another face I neuer knew.

*Ara.* Thus studious I am wont to passe the time,  
By true proportion, of each line from line.

*Io.* Oh now I see he was learning to spell,  
Theres A.B.C. in midſt of his table.

*Afcanio.*





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*Afca.* Tel me I pray ye sir, may I be bold to craue  
The cause of your abode within this Cauē?

*Ara.* To tell you that in this extreme distresse,  
Were but a tale of Fortunes fickleness.

Sometime I was a Prince of *Lesbos Ile*,  
And liu'd belou'd, whilst my good stars did smile:  
But clowded once with this worlds bitter crosse,  
My ioy to grife, my gaine conuerts to losse.

*Afca.* Forward I pray ye, faint not in your tale.

*Io.* It will not all be worth a cup of Ale.

*Ara.* A short discourse of that which is too long  
How euer pleasing, can neuer seeme but wrong:  
Yet would my tragicke story fit the stage,  
Pleasaunt in youth, but wretched in mine age.  
Blinde Fortune setting vp and pulling downe,  
Abusde by those my selfe raifde to renowne:  
But y' which wrings me neer, and wounds my hart,  
Is a false brothers base vnthankfull part.

*Afc.* A smal offence comparde with my disease,  
No doubt ingratitude in time may cease  
And be forgot: my grief out-liues all howres:  
Raining on my head, continual haplesse showers.

*Ara.* You sing of yours, and I of mine relate:  
To euery one, seemes worst his owne estate.  
But to proceed, exiled thus by spight,  
Both country I forgoe, and brothers fight:  
And comming hither where I thought to liue,  
Yet here I cannot but lament and greeue.

*Afca.* Some comfort yet in this there doth remaine:  
That you haue found a partner in your paine.

*Ara.* How are your sorrowes subiect, let me heare?

*Afca.* More ouerthrowne, and deeper in dispaire  
Than is the manner of your heauie smart,  
My curelesse grieve, doth ranckle at my hart.  
And in a word, to heare the summe of all,  
I loue, and am belou'd: but there-withall

The

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The sweetnesse of that banquet must forgo,  
Whose pleasant tast is chaungde with bitter wo.

*Ara.* A conflict, but to try your noble minde,  
As common vnto youth, as raine to wind.

*Afca.* But hence it it that doth me treble wrong,  
Expected good, that is forborne so long :  
Doth loose the vertue which the vse would proue.

*Ara.* Are you then fir, despised of your Loue ?

*Afca.* No, but depriued of her company.  
And for my careles negligence therein :  
Am bound to doo this penaunce for my sin.  
That if I neuer finde where she remaines,  
I vowe a yeare shalbe my end of paines.

*Ara.* Was she then lost within this Forrest here ?

*Afc.* Lost or forlorn, to me she was right deere.  
And this is certaine, vnto him that could  
The place where she abides to me vnfold :  
For euer I would vow my selfe his friend,  
Neuer reuolting till my life did end.  
And therefore fir, (as well I know your skill)  
If you will giue me phisicke for this ill,  
And shewe me if *Eurymine* do liue,  
*It* were a recompence for all my paine,  
And *I* should thinke my ioyes were full againe.

*Ara.* They know the want of health that haue bene sick,  
My selfe sometime acquainted with the like,  
Do learne in dutie of a kinde regard,  
To pittie him whose hap hath bene so hard.  
How long *I* pray ye hath she absent beene ?

*Afca.* Three dayes it is since that my Loue was feene.

*Io.* Heer's learning for the nonce, that stands on ioynts :  
For all his cunning, ile scarfe giue two poynts.

*Ara.* *Mercurio regnante virum, subsequente Luna,*  
*Fæminum designat.*

*Io.* Nay and you go to latin, then tis sure, my maister shall  
finde her, if he could tell when.

*Ara. I*





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*Ara.* I cannot tell what reason it shoulde bee,  
But loue and reason here doo disagree.  
By proofe of learned principles I finde,  
The manner of your loue's against all kinde.  
And not to feed ye with vncertaine ioy,  
Whom you affect so much, is but a Boy.

*Io.* A Riddle for my life, some Antick Iest,  
Did I not tell ye what his cunning was?

*Asta.* I loue a Boy?

*Ara.* Mine Art doth tell me so.

*Asta.* Adde not a fresh increase vnto my woe.

*Ara.* I dare auouch what lately I haue saide,  
The loue that troubles you, is for no maide.

*Asta.* As well I might be said to touch the skie,  
Or darke the horizon with tapestrie :  
Or walke vpon the waters of the sea,  
As to be haunted with such lunacie.

*Ara.* If it be false, mine Art I will defie.

*Asta.* Amaz'de with grieve, my loue is then transform'd.

*Io.* Maister be contented, this is leape yeare,  
Women weare breeches, petticoats are deare.  
And thats his meaning, on my life it is.

*Ast.* Oh God, and shal my torments neuer cease?

*Ara.* Represse the fury of your troubled minde :  
Walke here a while, your Lady you may finde.

*Io.* A Lady and a Boy, this hangs wel together :  
Like snow in haruest, sun-shine and foule weather.

*Enter Eurymine singing.*

Since hope of helpe my foward starres denie,  
Come sweetest death, and end my miserie.  
He left his country, I my shape haue lost,  
Deare is the loue, that hath so dearly cost.

*Eu.* Yet can I boast, though *Phæbus* were vniust  
This shif did serue, to barre him from his lust.  
But who are these alone? I cannot chuse  
But blush for shame, that any one should see,  
*Eurymine* in this disguise to bee.

F

*Eury.*

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Afca.* It is, it is not my loue, *Eurymine*.

*Eury.* Hark, some one hallows : gentlemen adiew,  
In this attire I dare not stay their view. *Exit.*

*Afca.* My loue, my ioy, my life,  
By eye, by face, by tongue, it should be shee.  
Oh I, it was my loue, Ile after her,  
And though she passe the Eagle in her flight,  
Ile neuer rest, till I haue gain'd her fight.

*Exit.*

*Ara.* Loue carries him, and so retains his mind,  
That he forgets how I am left behind :  
Yet will I follow softly, as I can.  
In hope to see the fortune of the man.

*Exit.*

*Io.* Nay let them go a Gods name, one by one,  
With my heart I am glad to be alone.  
Heres old transforming, would with all his Art,  
He could transforme this tree into a tart.  
See then if I would flinch from hence or no :  
But for it is not so, I needs must go.

*Exit.*

*Enter Siluio and Gemulo.*

*Sil.* Is it a bargaine *Gemulo*, or not ?

*Ge.* Thou neuer knew'ſt me breake my word I wot,  
Nor will I now, betide me bale or blis.

*Sil.* Nor I breake mine, and here her cottage is :  
Ile call her forth.

*Ge.* Will *Siluio* be fo rude ?

*Sil.* Neuer shall we betwixt our felues conclude  
Our controuersie, for we ouerweene.

*Ge.* Not I, but thou, for though thou iet'ſt in greene,  
As fresh as Meadow in a morne of May,  
And scorn'ſt the shepheard, for he goes in gray.  
But Forrester, beleue it as thy Creede,  
My mistresse mindes my person, not my weede.

So





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*Sil.* So 'twas I thought, because she tends thy sheepe  
Thou thinkst in loue of thee she taketh keepe :  
That is as townish damzels lend the hand,  
But fend the heart to him aloofe doth stand.

So deales *Eurymine* with *Siluio*.

*Ge.* Albe she looke more blithe on *Gemulo*,  
Her heart is in the dyall of her eye,  
That poyncts me hers.

*Sil.* That shall we quickly trye.

*Eurymine.*

*Ge.* *Erynnis* stop thy throte,  
Vnto thy hound thou hallowft such a note :  
I thought that shepheards had bene mannerlesse,  
But Wood-men are the ruder gromes I guesse.

*Sil.* How shuld I cal her Swain, but by her name ?

*Ge.* So *Hobmoll* the plow-man, calls his dame.  
Call her in Carroll from her quiet coate.

*Sil.* Agreed : but whether shall begin his note.

*Ge.* Draw cuttes.

*Sil.* Content, the longest shall begin.

*Ge.* Tis mine.

*Sil.* Sing loude, for she is farre within.

*Ge.* Instruct thy singing in thy Forrest waies,  
Shepheards know how to chant their roundelaies.

*Sil.* Repeat our bargain, ere we sing our Song.  
Leaft after wrangling, should our mistresse wrong.  
If me she chuse, thou must be well content :  
If thee she chuse, I giue the like consent.

*Ge.* Tis done : now *Pan* pipe on thy sweetest Reede,  
And as I loue, so let thy seruaunt speede.

*As little Lambes lift vp their snowie sides,*

*When mounting Larke salutes the gray-eyed morne :*

*Sil.* *As from the Oaken leaues the honie glides,*  
*Where Nightingales record vpon the thorne.*

*Ge.* So rise my thoughts.

*Sil.* So all my fences cheere.

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*Ge.* When she surueyes my flocks.

*Sil.* And she my Deare.

*Ge.* *Eurymine.*

*Sil.* *Eurymine.*

*Ge.* Come foorth.

*Sil.* Come foorth.

*Ge.* Come foorth and cheere these plaines.

*And both sing this togither, when they haue  
fung it single.*

*Sil.* The Wood-mans Loue.

*Ge.* And Lady of the Swaynes.

*Enter Eurymine.*

Faire Forester and louely shepheard Swaine,

Your Carrolls call *Eurymine* in vaine :

For she is gone, her Cottage and her sheepe,

With me her brother, hath she left to keepe:

And made me sweare by *Pan*, ere she did go,

To see them safely kept, for *Gemulo*.

*They both looke straungely vpon her, apart  
each from other.*

*Ge.* What ? hath my Loue a new come Louer than ?

*Sil.* What ? hath my Mistresse got another man ?

*Ge.* This Swayne will rob me of *Eurymine*.

*Sil.* This youth hath power to win *Eurymine*.

*Ge.* This straungers beautie heares away my prize.

*Sil.* This straunger will bewitch her with his eies.

*Ge.* It is *Adonis*.

*Sil.* It is *Ganymede*.

*Ge.* My blood is chill.

*Sil.* My heart is cold as Leade.

*Eu.* Faire youthes, you haue forgot for what ye came,  
You seeke your Loue, shee's gone.

*Ge.* The more too blame.

*Eu.* Not so, my sister had no will to go:  
But that our parents dread commaund was fo.

*Siluio.*





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Sil.* It is thy scuse, thou art not of her kin,  
But as my Ryuall, com'ste my Loue to win.

*Eu.* By great *Apollos* sacred Deitie,  
That shepheardeſſe ſo neare is Sib to me,  
As I ne may (for all this world) her wed:  
For ſhe and I in one ſelfe wombe were bred.  
But ſhe is gone, her flocke is left to mee.

*Ge.* The ſhepcoat's mine, and I will in and fee.

*Sil.* And I.

*Exeunt Siluio and Gemulo.*

*Eu.* Go both, cold comfort shall you finde,  
My manly ſhape, hath yet a womans minde:  
Prone to reueale what ſecret ſhe doth know,  
God pardon me, I was about to ſhow  
My transformation: peace they come againe.

*Enter Siluio, and Gemulo.*

*Sil.* Haue ye found her?

*Ge.* No, we looke in vaine.

*Eu.* I told ye fo.

*Ge.* Yet heare me, new-come Swayne.  
Albe thy feemly feature ſet no ſale  
But honest truth vpon thy nouell tale,  
Yet (for this world is full of subtilitie)  
We wiſh thee goe with vs for compagnie  
Vnto a Wife-man wonning in this wood,  
Hight *Aramanth*, whose wit and ſkill is good:  
That he may certifie our mazing doubt,  
How this ſtraunge chaunce and chaunge hath fallen out.

*Eu.* I am content: haue with ye, when ye will.

*Sil.* Euen now.

*Eu.* Hee'le make ye muſe, if he haue any ſkill.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 5.*

*Enter Ascanio, and Eurymine.*

*Aſca.* Eurymine, I pray if thou be ſhee,  
Refraine thy haſte, and doo not flie from mee.



*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Eu.* Doth kind allow a man to loue a man ?

*Afca.* Why art not thou *Eurymine* ?

*Eu.* I am.

*Afca.* *Eurymine* my Loue ?

*Eu.* The very same.

*Afca.* And wast not thou a woman then ?

*Eu.* Most true.

*Af.* And art thou changed from a woman now ?

*Eu.* Too true.

*Afc.* These tales my mind perplex : thou art *Eurymine*.

*Eu.* In name, but not in sexe.

*Afca.* What then ?

*Eu.* A man.

*Afca.* In guise thou art I see.

*Eu.* The guise thou seest, doth with my kinde agree.

*Afca.* Before thy flight thou wast a woman tho.

*Eu.* True *Afcanio*.

*Afca.* And since art thou a man ?

*Eu.* Too true deare friend.

*Afca.* Then haue I lost a wife.

*Eu.* But found a friend, whose dearest blood and life,

Shalbe as readie as thine owne for thee :

*In* place of wife, such friend thou hast of mee.

*Enter Ioculo, and Aramanthus.*

*Io.* Ihere they are : maister well ouertane,

I thought we two should neuer meete againe :

You went so fast, that I to follow ye,

Slipt ouer hedge and ditch, and many a tall tree.

*Ara.* Well said my Boy, thou knowest not how to lie.

*Io.* To lye Sir? how say you was it not so?

You were at my heeles, though farre off, ye know :

For maister, not to counterfayt with ye now,

Hee's as good a footeman as a shackeld fow.

*Afca.* Good Sir y'are welcome, srrha hold your prate.

*Ara.* What speed in that I told to you of late ?

*Afcanio.*

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Afca.* Both good and bad, as doth the sequell proue,  
For (wretched) I haue found, and lost my Loue.  
If that be lost which I can nere enioy.

*Io.* Faith Mistresse y'are too blame to be so coy.  
The day hath bene, but what is that to mee :  
When more familiar with a man you'l bee.

*Ara.* I told ye you should finde a man of her :  
Or else my rule did very straungely erre.

*Afca.* Father, the triall of your skill I finde,  
My Loue's transformde into another kinde :  
And so I finde, and yet haue lost my Loue.

*Io.* Ye cannot tell, take her aside and proue.

*Afca.* But sweet *Eurymine* make some report  
Why thou departeddst from thy fathers Court ?  
And how this straunge mishap to thee befell,  
Let me intreat thou wouldest the processe tell.

*Eu.* To shew how I arriued in this ground,  
Were but renewing of an auncient wound :  
Another time that office ile fulfill,  
Let it suffice, I came against my will.  
And wandring here about this Forrest side,  
It was my chaunce of *Phæbus* to be spide.  
Whose loue because I chastyly did withstand,  
He thought to offer me a violent hand.  
But for a present shift to shun his rape,  
I wisht my selfe transformde into this shape :  
Which he perform'd (God knowes) against his wil :  
And I since then, haue wayld my fortune still.  
Not for misliking ought I finde in mee,  
But for thy fake, whose wife I meant to bee.

*Afca.* Thus haue you heard our woful destenie,  
Which I in heart lament, and so doth she.

*Ara.* The fitteſt remedie that I can finde,  
Is this, to eafe the torment of your minde.  
Perſwade your felues that great *Apollo* can,  
As eaſily make a woman of a man,





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

As contrariwise he made a man of her.

*Afca.* I thinke no lesse.

*Ara.* Then humble suite preferre  
To him: perhaps your prayers may attaine,  
To haue her turnd into her forme againe.

*Eu.* But *Phæbus* such disdain to me doth beare,  
As hardly we shall win his graunt I feare.

*Ara.* Then in these verdant fields al richly dide,  
With natures gifts, and *Floras* painted pride:  
There is a goodly spring whose christal stremes  
Beset with myrtles, keepe backe *Phæbus* beames:  
There in rich seates all wrought of Iuory,  
The Graces sit, listening the melodye:  
The warbling Birds doo from their prettie billes  
Vnite in concord, as the brooke distilles.  
Whose gentle murmure with his buzzing noates,  
Is as a base vnto their hollow throates.  
Garlands beside they weare vpon their browes,  
Made of all sorts of flowers earth allowes:  
From whence such fragrant sweet perfumes arise,  
As you would sweare that place is Paradise.  
To them let vs repaire with humble hart,  
And meekly shew the manner of your smart:  
So gratioues are they in *Apollos* eies,  
As their intreatie quickly may suffice.  
In your behalfe, Ile tell them of your states,  
And craue their aides, to stand your aduocates.

*Afca.* For euer you shall bind vs to you than.

*Ara.* Come go with me: Ile doo the best I can.

*Io.* Is not this hard luck to wander so long,  
And in the end to finde his wife markt wrong.

*Enter Phylander.*

A proper iest as euer I heard tell,  
In sooth, me-thinks the breech becomes her well:  
And might it not make their husbands feare then,  
Wold all the wiues in our town might wear them.

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

Tell me youth, art a straunger here or no ?

*Io.* Is your commission sir, to examine me so ?

*Phy.* What is it thou ? now by my troth wel met.

*Io.* By your leauue, it's well ouertaken yet.

*Phy.* I litle thought I shoulde a found thee here.

*Io.* Perhaps so sir.

*Phy.* I prethee speake, what cheere ?

*Io.* What cheere can here be hopte for in these woods ?

Except trees, stones, bryars, bushes, or buddes ?

*Phy.* My meaning is, I faine would heare thee say,  
How thou doest man, why thou tak'st this another way.

*Io.* Why then sir, I doo as well as I may.

And to perswade ye, that welcome ye bee,

Wilt please ye sir, to eate a crab with mee ?

*Phy.* Beleeue me *Ioculo*, reasonable hard cheere.

*Io.* *Phylander*, tis the best we can get heere.  
But when returne ye to the Court againe ?

*Phy.* Shortly, now I haue found thee.

*Io.* To requite your paine,

Shall I intreat you beare a prefent from me ?

*Phy.* To whom ?

*Io.* To the Duke.

*Phy.* What shall it be ?

*Io.* Because Venson so conuenient doth not fall,  
A pecke of Acornes to make merry withall.

*Phy.* What meanest thou by that ?

*Io.* By my troth sir as ye see,  
Acornes are good enough for such as hee.  
I wish his honour well, and to doo him good :  
Would he had eaten all the Acorns in th' wood.

*Phy.* Good words *Ioculo*, of your Lord & mine.

*Io.* As may agree with such a churlish swine.  
How dooes his honor ?

*Phy.* Indifferently well.

*Io.* I wish him better.

*Phy.* How ?

*Ioculo.*





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Io.* Vice-gerent in hell.

*Phy.* Doeſt thou wiſh ſo, for ought that he hath done?

*Io.* I for the loue he beares vnto his fonne.

*Phy.* Hees growne of late, as fatherly and milde,  
As euer father was vnto his childe:

And ſent me forth to ſearch the coaſt about,  
If ſo my hap might be to finde him out.

And if *Eurymine* aliuē remaine,  
To bring them both vnto the Court againe.

Where is thy maiftre?

*Io.* Walking about the ground.

*Phy.* Oh that his Loue *Eurymine* were found.

*Io.* Why ſo ſhe is, come follow me and fee.  
Ile bring ye ſtraiſt where they remaining bee.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter three or foure Mufes, Aramanthus,*  
*Aſcanio, Siluio, and Gemulo.*

*Aſca.* Ceafe your contention for *Eurymine*.  
Nor words, nor vowes, can helpe her miserie:  
But he it is that did her firſt transforme,  
Muſt calme the gloomy rigor of this ſtorme:  
Great *Phæbus*, whose Pallace we are neere,  
Salute him then in his celeſtiall ſphere:  
That with the notes of cheerfull harmonie,  
He may be mou'd to ſhewe his Deitie.

*Sil.* But wheres *Eurymine*, haue we loſt her fight?

*Aſ.* Poore ſoule, within a caue, with fear affright  
She ſits, to ſhun *Apollon*s angry view,  
Vntill ſhe fee what of our prayers enſue:  
If we can reconcile his loue or no,  
Or that ſhe muſt continue in her woe.

*1. Mu.* Once haue we tried *Aſcanio*, for thy fake  
And once againe we will his power awake:  
Not doubting but as he is of heauenly race,

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

At length he will take pitie on her case.  
Sing therefore, and each partie from his heart,  
In this our musicke, beare a chearefull part.

*Song.*

All haile faire *Phœbus*, in thy purple throne,  
Vouchsafe the regarding of our deepe mone.  
Hide not, oh hide not, thy comfortable face,  
But pittie, but pittie, a virgins poore case.

*Phœbus appeares.*

1. *Muse.* Illustrate bewtie, Christall heauens eye,  
Once more we do entreat thy clemencie :  
That as thou art the power of vs all,  
Thou would'st redeeme *Eurymine* from thrall.  
Graunt gentle God, graunt this our small request,  
And if abilitie in vs do rest :  
Whereby we euer may deserue the same,  
It shalbe seene, we reuerence *Phœbus* name.

*Phœ.* You sacred sisters of faire *Hellion*,  
On whom my faours euermore haue shone,  
In this you must haue patience with my vow,  
I cannot graunt what you aspire vnto.  
Nor was't my fault, she was transformed so,  
But her owne fond desire, as ye well know.  
We told her too, before her vow was past,  
That cold repentance would ensue at last.  
And sith her selfe did wish the shape of man,  
She causde the abuse, digest it how she can.

2. *Muse.* Alas, if vnto her you be so hard,  
Yet of *Ascanio* haue some more regard,  
And let him not endure such endlesse wrong,  
That hath purfude her constant loue so long.

*Afca.* Great God, the greeuous trauells I haue past,  
In restlesse search, to find her out at last :  
My plaints my toiles, in lieu of my annoy,  
Haue well deseru'd my Lady to enjoy.  
Penance too much I haue sustaint before :

Ob





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

Oh *Phœbus*, plague me not with any more.  
Nor be thou so extreame, now at the worst  
To make my torments greater than at the first.  
My Fathers late displeasure is forgot,  
And theres no let, nor any churlish blot  
To interrupt our joyes from being compleat,  
But only thy good fauour to intreat :  
In thy great grace it lyes to make my state  
Most happie now, or most infortunate.

1. *Mu.* Heauenly *Apollo*, on our knees I pray,  
Vouchsafe thy great displeasure to allay.  
What honor to thy Godhead will arise,  
To plague a silly Lady in this wise ?  
Beside, it is a staine vnto thy Deitie,  
To yeeld thine owne desires the soueraigntie :  
Then shew some grace vnto a wofull Dame,  
And in these groues, our tongues shall found thy fame.

*Phœ.* Arise deare Nourses of diuinest skill,  
You sacred Muses of *Pernassus* hill :  
*Phœbus* is conquerd by your deare respect,  
And will no longer clemency neglect.  
You haue not fude nor praidie to me in vaine:  
I graunt your willes, she is a mayd againe.

*Asca.* Thy praise shal neuer die whilst I do liue.  
2. *Mu.* Nor will we slack perpetual thankes to giue.

*Phœ.* *Thalia*, neare the Cauе where she remaines  
The Fayries keepe, request them of their paines,  
And in my name, bid them forthwith prouide,  
From that darke place, to be the Ladies guide.  
And in the bountie of their liberall minde,  
To giue her cloathes according to her kinde.

1. *Mu.* I goe diuine *Apollo*.                           *Exit.*

*Phœ.* Haste againe.  
No time too swift, to ease a Louers paine.

*Asca.* Most sacred *Phœbus*, endles thankes to thee,  
That doest vouchsafe so much to pittie mee.

*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

And aged father, for your kindnesse showne,  
Imagine not your friendship ill bestowne.  
The earth shall soone vanish and decay,  
Than I will proue vnthankfull any way.

*Ara.* It is sufficient recompence to me,  
If that my silly helpe haue pleasurde ye.  
If you enjoy your Loue and hearts desire,  
It is enough : nor doo I more require.

*Phœ.* Graue *Aramanthus*, now I see thy face  
I call to minde, how tedious a long space  
Thou hast frequented these sad desarts here,  
Thy time employed, in heedfull minde I beare :  
The patient sufferance of thy former wrong,  
Thy poore estate, and sharpe exile so long,  
The honourable port thou bor'st sometime,  
Till wrongd thou wast, with vndeferued crime  
By them whom thou to honour didst aduance,  
The memory of which thy heauy chance,  
Prouokes my minde to take remorfe on thee,  
Father henceforth, my clyent shalt thou bee :  
And passe the remnant of thy fleeting time,  
With Lawrell wreath, amongst the Muses nine.  
And when thy age hath giuen place to fate,  
Thou shalt exchaunge thy former mortall state :  
And after death, a palme of fame shalt weare,  
Amongst the rest that liue in honor here.  
And lastly know, that faire *Eurymine*  
Redeemed now from former miserie  
Thy daughter is, whom I for that intent  
Did hide from thee, in this thy banishment :  
That so she might the greater scourge sustaine,  
*In putting Phœbus* to so great a paine.  
But freely now, enjoy each others fight :  
No more *Eurymine* : abandon quite  
That borrowed name, as *Atlanta* she is calde,  
And here she woman, in her right shape instalde.

*Ascanio*





*The Maydes Metamorphosis.*

*Afca.* Is then my Loue deriu'de of noble race ?

*Phœ.* No more of that, but mutually imbrace.

*Ara.* Liues my *Atlanta*, whom the rough feas wauē  
I thought had brought vnto a timelesse graue ?

*Phœ.* Looke not so straunge, it is thy fathers voyce.  
And this thy Loue : *Atlanta nom̄* rejoyce.

*Eu.* As in another world of greater blis  
My daunted spirits doo stand amazde at this.  
So great a tyde of comfort ouerflowes,  
As what to say, my faltering tongue scarfe knowes :  
But only this, vnperfect though it bee,  
*Immortall* thankes great *Phœbus* vnto thee.

*Phœ.* Well Lady, you are retransformed now,  
But I am sure you did repent your vow.

*Eury.* Bright Lampe of glory, pardon my rashnesse past.

*Phœ.* The penance was your owne, though I did fast.

*Enter Phylander, and Ioculo.*

*Afca.* Behold deare Loue, to make your ioyes abound,  
Yonder *Phylander* comes.

*Io.* Oh sir, well found.  
But most especiallly it glads my minde,  
To see my mistresse restorde to kinde.

*Phy.* My Lord & Madam, to requite your pain,  
*Telemachus* hath sent for you againe.  
All former quarrels now are trodden downe,  
And he doth smile, that heretofore did frowne.

*Afca.* Thankes kinde *Phylander*, for thy friendly newes.  
Like *Iunos* balme, that our lifes blood renewes.

*Phy.* But Lady, first ere you your iourney take,  
Vouchsafe at my request, one graunt to make.

*Eu.* Most willingly.

*Phœ.* The matter is but small.  
To weare a braunch of Lawrell in your Caull  
For *Phœbus* sake, least else I be forgot,  
And thinke vpon me, when you see me not.

*Eurymine.*

*The Maydes Metamorphofis.*

*Eu.* Here while I liue a solemne oath I make,  
To loue the Lawrell for *Apollos* sake.

*Ge.* Our suite is dasht we may depart I see.

*Phœ.* Nay *Gemulo* and *Siluio*, contented bee:  
This night let me intreat ye you will take,  
Such cheare as I and these poore Dames can make.  
To morrow morne weeble bring you on your way.

*Sil.* Your Godhead shall commaund vs all to stay.

*Phœ.* Then Ladies gratulate this happie chaunce,  
With some delightfull tune and pleasaunt daunce.  
Meane space, vpon his Harpe will *Phœbus* play,  
So both of them may boast another day  
And make report, that when their wedding chaunc'te,  
*Phœbus* gaue musicke, and the Muses daunc'te.

The Song.

*Since painfull sorrowes date hath end,*  
*And time hath coupled friend with friend :*  
*Reioyce we all, reioyce and sing,*  
*Let all these groaues of Phœbus ring.*  
*Hope hauing wonne, dispaire is vanisht :*  
*Pleasure revives, and care is banisht.*  
*Then trippe we all this Roundelay,*  
*And still be mindfull of the Bay.*

Exeunt.

F I N I S.













